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FUNERAL EULOGY

ON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

MILITARY AUTHORITIES

IN

NORFOLK, VA.,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19TH, 1865.

BY

P. S. EVANS, CHAPLAIN 13th N. Y. H. Artillery.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

NORFOLK, VA.,

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE OLD DOMINION, ROANOKE SQUARE.

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EXPLANATORY NOTE.

The following Eulogy, prepared at a day's notice, by order of Brig. Gen. Geo. H. Gordon, was pronounced in the Presbyterian Church, Norfolk, Va., before the Military authorities of Norfolk and Portsmouth. Col. Howard and the other officers of my regiment, together with many loyal citizens, having requested it for publication, I have not felt at liberty to withhold it.

It appears now precisely as first pronounced, except the few last paragraphs, which were spoken extemporaneously, and the substance of which, only, I have been able to recall.

P. S. E.

FORT "HAZLETT," NEAR PORTSMOUTH, VA.,

April, 21st, 1865.

...

MY FRIENDS :

How can I give expression to the feelings of this hour? What need is there to add to the burden of sorrow in your hearts which is already unendurable? Why endeavor to intensify that Righteous Anger which even now burns as a fire shut up in your bones? Or how, in the very newness and freshness of your grief, hope to turn your thoughts, even for a moment, to the contemplation of that gain which we hope and believe will accrue from this great loss?

To give utterance to your sense of the loss you have suffered, is impossible. To convince you that this evil may yet redound in good is, I fear, almost hopeless. Surely you will believe me when I say I shrink from the task as too hastily assumed. But the necessity is now laid upon me: and, with whatever of reluctance, with whatever forebodings of failure, I must attempt to put our common grief in words; and though my own heart should refuse the consolation I offer yours, must still endeavor to look through the darkness to the serene Heavens, where God reigns, and point you to those stars of hope which still shine brightly above the shadows of the overhanging cloud.

It is not yet a week since we were on the very pinnacle of happiness. From every loyal house flags were flaunting and colors streaming. From the towers of every loyal church the bells rang merry peals. From every fort the cannon hurtled forth their deep tones of joy. Every heart was light. Every face was wreathed in smiles. From the far North to the Alleghanies—from the farthest East to the farthest West, the air was resonant with shouts of merriment, and the people were delirious with joy—and rightly so. The time, long waited for, seemed to have come at last. After the four years night of war, the rosy light of

peace appeared to be hurrying on apace. Victory after victory had followed each other in bewildering succession. City after city, that had maintained a stout opposition, had fallen a lawful prize to our arms. State after State had been redeemed from its bondage to rebellion. Army after army of insurgents had been subdued by the prowess of the nation. Fighting must cease, for there were no longer any cities to take, any enemies to conquer. The calmly expressed and the perseveringly pursued purpose of Abraham Lincoln had been accomplished—he had repossessed himself of nearly all the forts and arsenals that treason had wrested from him. The flag was again flying over the crumbled walls of Sumter. Charleston, the nest in which the brood of traitors had been hatched; and Richmond, the hole into which they had crawled, and where they had hid themselves, had been purged of their presence. The deluded masses of the people, who had been the hands and feet of the rebellion, were fast returning to their allegiance, and the leaders, who had been the crazed head and the corrupt heart of this wicked conspiracy, were prisoners of war or fugitives and vagabonds in the land. The nation had manfully worked, and heroically suffered, and patiently waited, and they began to reap their reward.

We had had victories before, but our joy in what *had been* done, had always hitherto been dampened by the thought of what *remained to be done*. And we had never dared to speak of our triumphs save in bated breath, lest we should, by some sad and unforeseen reverse, be robbed of all we had gained and be forced at last to submit to the division of our territory, the decay of our institutions, and the destruction of our liberties. To be sure we never would confess these fears; but who has not felt them for himself? When we have remembered the unaccountable disasters of the past—when we have considered how often everything has been lost through the faithlessness of parties at the North—when we have thought of the possible, nay, almost inevitable foreign complications that we were threatened with—have we not, in our secret hearts, feared that all our struggles might be in vain? that the precious blood so freely poured out might be but as water spilled upon the ground, which could not be gathered; that God would not accept our costly sacrifice as expiation for our sins;

that, despite all our endeavors, our country, at least in its greatness and its glory, would be among the nations that had been.

But no such fears blunted the edge of our rejoicings one week since—the last doubt of our speedy success had been dispelled by our occupation of Richmond and the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. The country accepted, as a fact accomplished, the breaking of the military power of the rebellion, and gladness was in every heart, congratulations on every lip. Days for special thanksgiving were appointed in all the loyal States, and cities were vying with each other in devising means to give fitting expression to the nation's joy. The people were expecting some relief from the burden of taxation (indeed the work of retrenchment had already begun). Our brave, long suffering armies were casting wistful glances to their Northern homes. The wives and mothers of the land began again to call their husbands and sons *their own*, and to feel that few if any more would be called to make the costly sacrifice so many had already made.

This very day had been set apart by the military and civil authorities of these cities for a grand triumphal procession.

The great, magnanimous North, never vindictive, through all their provocations, having subdued the rebellion by force of arms, were setting themselves to the more pleasing task of winning back the misguided rebels by the exercise of a Christ-like, forgiving love. They were stretching forth the hand of reconciliation over the graves of our slaughtered brothers, and taking back to their hearts, almost before their repentance, certainly before they had brought forth fruits meet for repentance, those who had long breathed out threatenings and slaughter against them.

But through all the land no heart was lighter, no pulse beat with a steadier joy than the pulse and heart of that great, good man who, under God, had been most instrumental in the salvation of our nation. To him, more than to all others, the people felt their thanks were due. Even those who, in their ignorant impatience, had been charging upon him the partial disasters we had suffered and the delay of peace, as they looked back upon the last four years and considered the magnitude of the work achieved, the difficulties that had been overcome, the yet greater dangers that had been thrust aside and avoided, gladly confessed

that all he had done had been well done, and all he had left undone had been wisely left undone, and none denied to him the well earned title of the Saviour of his country.

But all this is changed—alas! our joy is turned again into sorrow—our garments of praise are displaced by the spirit of heaviness—our flags are at half-mast—the trappings of mourning are seen where there were but lately the emblems of triumph—the bells that rang last week in peals of triumph now toll mournfully on the heavy air. The land is full of weeping and of lamentation. Surely there is but one man whose death could have so deeply stirred the American people. That man is Abraham Lincoln—and Abraham Lincoln is dead.

Under any circumstances the death of the President of the Republic would properly call the whole people to mourning. Had he done nothing to especially endear him to the hearts of the people during his term of office; had he, in times of undisturbed tranquility, simply filled the chair with respectability, and discharged with faithfulness the ordinary routine duties of his office; still if, in the Providence of God, he had been taken from us, while clothed with the authority and power of the presidency, propriety would have called for all this outward homage—all these insignia and formalities of grief. Indeed, then, we might have been more scrupulously exact in all the nice observances of a decorous mourning, for when we mourn the least in heart we feel more at liberty to attend to the decencies of form.

Our chief ruler is not, by the mere chance of birth, and in the order of hereditary succession thrust upon the people, whether they will or no. He is, as no crowned monarch ever was, chosen by the grace of God and the voice of the people, as the foremost citizen of the Republic, to preside and rule in its councils and execute its laws. He is not a mere lay figure, dressed in the robes of royalty, but the living representation of the nation's will, the embodiment of its greatness and majesty. The people are not his to serve himself upon, but he is theirs—their trusted, honored, best loved servant.

We have then at any time, and under all circumstances, at the death of a President, far more occasion to mourn than the subjects of any King or Cæsar; and if we are accustomed at such times to

make less display of our grief than they, it is only because, having in our hearts more of the reality, we need assume less of the semblance.

But how can we properly voice the grief of the people at the death of our late chief magistrate? Who is adequate to speak his worth, which is beyond all praise—above all eulogy.

In no one thing has the Providence of God been so conspicuously manifest as in bringing him to the kingdom for such a time as this. We certainly can take no credit to ourselves for having first elected him. When nominated and chosen to this high office, none could foresee the terrible events of the past four years. Do we err in saying that, had they been foreseen, the nation would not have committed its destinies into the hands of one so little known, so untried in public affairs, as Abraham Lincoln, the lawyer of Springfield, the talented but unsuccessful disputant of the Giant of the West for Senatorial honors?

Should we not have gone farther, and must we not have fared worse? Should we not have sought out amongst the people, for the ablest military chieftain, and who that was then known as a skillful General, has since shown himself fit for such a place? All our great generals have achieved their greatness since the commencement of the war. Moreover, in selecting a military man, should we not have exposed ourselves to the danger of usurpation and dictatorship? Or, if we had not called a military man to this high office, would not our next choice have fallen upon *some one* who was known to excel in the arts of statesmanship, who could most skilfully thread the mazy labyrinths of diplomacy, and accomplish by policy and intrigue, what he might fail to gain by plain, straight-forward dealing, and should we have been safe in the hands of such a man?

But that Providence which has never yet forsaken us, kept us back from this self-destruction. He hid the dark future from our eyes. He led us to the choice of the man whom he had first chosen and prepared for the work that waited his doing.

When Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, the undeviating honesty and the straightforward common sense he was known to possess, were supposed to be the only qual-

ities needed to guide the Ship of State during the ensuing Presidential term.

It was not till after the deed had been done—not till after Abraham Lincoln had been constitutionally elected the President of the United States, that the war cloud began to gather, that the mutterings of its thunders were heard. And not till he had been six weeks in the exercise of his office that the first hostile shot was fired at the National flag.

Did we not even then (let us confess it now over his open grave), before the trouble had assumed the dimensions of a rebellion, begin to ask ourselves, has the man who sits in the White House the nerve, the ability, the courage, the hopefulness necessary for this emergency? And as this struggle has assumed larger and more fearful proportions, have we not been *very slow* to yield him our full, undoubting confidence?

But, my friends, the event has, I will not say, justified the wisdom of our choice; it has proved we were wiser than we wot of; we did better for ourselves and our country than we meant. God led us by ways that we know not of, for *our good*, intending to give us an expected end.

Now the blindest can see that Abraham Lincoln, and he alone, was fit for the arduous responsibilities of the last four years. He had every needed qualification of mind and heart. He who was first thought to be merely a good-natured, honest, common sense man, has shown himself to be one of the first of men in every element of rulership.

It were useless here to attempt an exhaustive analysis of his character, or even a brief review of his public acts. How masterly were his arguments—how persuasive were his pleadings to the South to turn from the fell purpose of secession. He was for peace when they were for war. When war was thrust upon him, with what magnanimity and forbearance did he prosecute it. How often did he turn aside from the conflict and argue and plead with them to stay their hands from the further shedding of blood. With what reluctance did he prosecute those increasingly severe measures, which the growing necessities of the case demanded. He was reviled and he reviled not again. He was persecuted and he threatened not, but committed all judgment to God. Never

has mortal man maintained such magnanimity of spirit towards his bitter, abusive and unrelenting foes as Abraham Lincoln towards these blatant traitors. All their rancor and spite and malignity seemed concentrated upon him, and he did not resent it. It was not because he did not feel it ; no man had a nature more sensitive, a heart more tender.

This generous treatment of his enemies has been conspicuous from the beginning. But lately it has been strikingly manifest. Who but he would have laid aside all formality, disregarded all the etiquette and state of courts, and have gone down to meet in person and counsel with the leaders of the rebellion ? What cared he for form if he could but win back the people of the South and restore peace to the land ? Then look at his entrance into Richmond—Richmond, whence had issued those vile and scurrilous attacks upon himself ! Richmond, where to his knowledge had been concocted more than one plan for his assassination. Richmond, that had been the very stronghold of the rebellion. He did not enter as a conqueror ; no skulking traitor could have detected any smile of malicious triumph : any attitude or look of boastfulness. He did not drag the captives to his arms in chains. He entered as the messenger of peace ; he went bearing glad tidings ; he went scattering blessings and distributing stores to the needy. And up to the moment of his death his interest in and love for the rebellious South was only second to his gratitude to and admiration of the faithful North.

And this great, good man made himself beloved everywhere. Scarcely a home in all the free North and West where his name was not spoken with reverence—where even the children did not love him. The oppressed and down-trodden looked to him as their protector. In every camp and garrison he was almost adored. No man ever had more love in his heart, or awoke more love in the hearts of others.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, as real head of the forces of the United States, though not by profession or practice a soldier, he was yet incomparable. He has shown remarkable wisdom in the selection of his officers. He has never withheld from them all the aid that he could furnish. He has been patient with them in their reverses. He has taken to him-

self all the censure of their failures, and awarded to them all the praise of their successes. He has felt no pang of jealousy at their growing popularity. He has perhaps been slow at times in ridding himself of the incompetent. He may occasionally have been tardy in dismissing the disobedient. It is possible that once or twice he has yielded to the unreasonable clamour of a party, and removed some whom his better judgment would have retained. But who can say that any one would have controlled with equal firmness, and fairness, and ability, the military and naval forces of the United States. And he did control them. He has never been the puppet of others. He has never turned over to others, even the members of his own cabinet, the responsibilities he himself assumed. He has kept all power in his own hands. He has fulfilled his oath of office.

We thought at one time, whatever qualifications Abraham Lincoln had, he was no Statesman. But in this we have been mistaken. How calm he has been through all the storm. How patiently he has listened to contending counsels. How well he has kept in hand the somewhat discordant elements of his cabinet, representing as they do the conservative and the radical, the pliable and the unyielding schools of politics, serving himself and the country by either in turn, and ruled by none. How readily he has adapted himself to the changing aspects of the momentous strife. How implicitly he has relied upon the outspoken loyalty of the North, and reckoned upon the returning good sense of those who have at times bitterly denounced both him and his measures. And how humbly and dependently he has looked to the Ruler of nations, the King of Kings, the great and only Potentate, for direction and success. In all this he has shown himself a Statesman, and will take his place in history among the foremost of the world's great men.

In the management of our Foreign affairs, (for here, too, his has been the master-spirit,) by his straightforward honesty, by his steadfast persistency, by his calm dignity, by his unruffled patience, he has avoided all embarrassing complications, and has secured for himself and his country the profound though reluctant respect of every European power. Though covertly and clau-

destinely intrigued against and outraged, yet the United States have not received during the whole of his tenure of office any open insult. The indignity offered by the third class power of Portugal excepted, and that will be found to be either the result of some misunderstanding, or the unauthorized act of some drunken official desirous of distinguishing himself.

Can we think it possible that under any other rule we should have maintained a more dignified and more peaceful attitude towards those powers who were so ruxious for our overthrow, but whose power we were not prepared to provoke or resist while engaged in this fearful struggle at home?

In the administration of our Home affairs he was equally fortunate. Never desirous of forcing events, or of even leading the people—remembering he was but the servant of the people—he has calmly watched the march of events, and timed his proclamations and executive acts accordingly. Though some chided him for tardiness and some for haste, we all now see he was never too early, never too late, but by an almost Divine tuition, seemed to know just what to do, and when and how to do it. Every sentence written by his pen, every word spoken in public will live in history. Others have written State papers with more pompousness and dignity, others have spoken in smoother sentences and with more rounded periods, and in a more strictly classical style, but none have written or spoken with greater directness, with more pungency and force; none have made themselves more thoroughly understood; none have spoken more directly to the heart of the people.

Nor is he to be without credit for the successful administration of the finances of the Government, with which he has seemed to have least to do. The measures adopted by those to whom he has in turn entrusted this important service have at least met his approval, and that is no small merit to be able to appreciate merit. And here his inflexible, incorruptible honesty has told to some purpose. Think how it has lain within his power to enrich himself and friends at the expense of the country. But who ever will be charged with speculation and fraud, it will not be Abraham Lincoln.

But, my friends, were I to continue this imperfect, inadequate eulogy where would the growing numbers end? You all knew him and loved him. He served, how faithfully, during his first four years, and the people gave him the best possible proof of their confidence and gratitude, by sending him for another term. He had done well, certainly—they knew no one who promised better. He had not quite finished what he had begun, (though more nearly than we thought) and they were unwilling to trust the job in other hands. A general overturn of the Government in that crisis was felt to be hazardous in the extreme. Besides, the people believed in him, and loved him, as they had believed in and loved no man before since Washington, and they would have him for President. Some, who assumed to be the leaders of the people, attempted to manufacture a feeling against him, but it was all in vain; the will of the people was unmistakeably manifest, and the politicians could only bow before it. Besides all their individual preferences, there was a strong feeling in the hearts of the people, that since the rebellion had been inaugurated upon the especial pretext of Abraham Lincoln's election, it would be cringing to traitors to put any other man in his place until the rebellion was subdued.

We all know with what a triumphant majority the now tried, and proved, and trusted and beloved President was re-elected to the Presidential office. We all know, too, that not alone those who voted for him rejoiced at this, but a very large number of those who argued themselves into voting against him, felt a sense of relief at the result of the election, and acknowledged to themselves, if not to others, that the country would be safer for the next four years under him, than under any other tried or untried man.

Well, God too seemed to set the seal of His approval upon this act of the people. More has been done towards the restoration of peace within the past four or six months than in all the four years before—at least, it has seemed to us more, as we have been so rapidly approaching the consummation of our hopes.

But this man, so loved and trusted—so blessed of God, has gone. Funeral honors have been done him. His poor body has been buried from sight; another than he sits in his chair of office;

another than he commands our armies and navies ; another than he directs our foreign policy ; another than he controls the vast powers and patronage of the Executive ; another name has already been signed to a President's proclamation. Is it any wonder that the people weep ? Ah, not yet, stunned as they are by the blow, do they know the greatness of their loss. They will know it better next month, and better still next year, and better still when four years have passed away. Good as may be our hopes of his successor, we have little faith that in Andrew Johnson we shall find an Abraham Lincoln. No, there is but one with whom his name can ever be associated in terms of equal praise ; there is but one whose statue will stand with his in the same niche of the Temple of Fame—that one is George Washington. We cannot, need not, displace the Father of his country to make room for that country's Redeemer. Neither would take to themselves the honors their grateful country will delight to show, much less would those equally great and good men dispute for such honors. No, they shall stand side by side in the nation's history. We will pay them equal honors. Infants shall learn to lisp their names in concert, and the aged shall bless them both with their latest breath.

Abraham Lincoln is dead ! Had he died by the ordinary visitation of Providence, our grief had hardly been less, for it would have been immeasurable then ; but we should have been spared the feelings of outraged dignity, of almost uncontrollable anger that adds such a sharp poignancy to our sorrow.

I would not harrow up your already excited feelings by detailing the particulars of that horrid massacre ; nor will I attempt the useless task of depicting the fiendish enormity of the crime. Let it be enough to say that he has been assassinated, not by one man, bereft of reason, burning to avenge some fancied insult wreaked upon him, but in accordance with a long concocted and deeply laid scheme ; in obedience to the savage behests of that infamous rebellion which had been well nigh subdued.

God forbid that I should say ought, to day, at this hour, to strengthen in your hearts any feelings of revenge, or to awaken your resentment towards those who are innocent, in their hearts, of all complicity with the devilish act. But it is well to remem-

be that not those alone who were immediately engaged in this crime are responsible for it.

Whether they meant it or not, all who have been instrumental in exciting and perpetuating this accursed rebellion, have been agents in this crime. Have they not weakened the force of law and order? Have they not violated the sanctity of oaths? Have they not destroyed, in the hearts of thousands, all regard for honor, and virtue, and patriotism? Have they not inculcated a most reckless disregard of the sanctity of human life? Have they not educated the people to be murderers and assassins? Are they not, then, to a greater or less extent, chargeable with this diabolical, unspeakable crime?

More, whether they meant it or not, all, *North* and *South*, who have maligned our most worthy magistrate, who have mocked at him and villified him, who have branded him as an imbecile and a tyrant, who have denounced his acts as those of a usurper, who have traduced his motives, who have charged him with covert treason, who have held him up to the unmerited scorn and derision of the world, who have falsely charged that he and his measures were the great obstacles to returning peace and amity;—all these, (and their name is legion, and their residence is in every State and city and village throughout the land,) all these have been instrumental in his death.

Do I charge upon them all the intent to commit this crime? No, thousands would have shrunk from it, and now denounce it with horror; but it is nevertheless true that, blinded, infatuated by a mistaken party zeal, or a mistaken sympathy with the rebellion, they have been pursuing a course sure to result, sooner or later, in such an awful catastrophe. And, furthermore, I here boldly make the statement, without fear of contradiction from any right-minded man, that any one who after this has any sympathy with this rebellion, or pursues any further the course I have described, makes himself *particeps criminis* and deserves, though

he may not receive, the same condign punishment which awaits those whom they have educated to this wicked, unfounded hatred of our President, which has borne the natural fruit of murder. Ah, my hearers, there is a world of meaning in the saying of Christ that "he that hateth his brother is a murderer."

But I would fain, ere I close this hastily prepared oration, say a few words which may alleviate the burden of your sorrow, and which, though your hearts may to-day refuse to receive, may recur to you afterwards, and strengthen your faith in God.

Difficult as it may be to believe it, yet we must acknowledge that even this has not fallen out but in accordance with the plans of an infinitely wise, and an infinitely loving Father. We confess,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm ;"

but yet,

"His purposes are ripening fast,
Unfolding every hour,
The BUD MAY have a BITTER taste,
But SWEET will be the flower."

While the affliction is yet upon us, we cannot call it joyous, but rather grievous ; nevertheless it shall work out the peaceable fruits of righteousness ; if we be only rightly exercised thereby. While we are still under the cloud, and in the sea, of course we cannot discern the blue, that is above the cloud, and the solid ground, that lies just before in our path. While we are yet in the furnace we feel only the fierceness of the flames, but when the fire shall have done its work upon us, we shall be the better for the trial. Believe me, though Abraham Lincoln is dead, God still lives—God the All-merciful, God the Omnipotent. Though our plans are frustrated, our hopes wrecked, His plans are yet unimpaired, His purposes are yet unshaken, His promises remain good.

The power and wisdom of Jehovah are more manifest in making the wrath of man to praise Him," than in "restraining the remainder." Take, as proof, the one crowning instance of this. The coincidence has already been noticed that Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on Good Friday, the anniversary of the crucifixion of our adorable Redeemer. Now, friends, if the death of the Son of God was the life of the world, if that darkest hour in the world's history was but the close of the world's long night and the harbinger of a day, the full splendor of whose brightness, has not yet gladdened our rejoicing eyes, may we not much more believe that this sad event, by whatever wicked means brought about, shall yet accrue to the best interests of this sorrowing nation. Let us "praise God in the fires." Let us cry, though our hearts are breaking within us. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

Now, bear with me while I seek to direct your tearful eyes to some rays of light that are already breaking through the gloom.

How may we regard this event as affecting him whom it most concerned? Was this sudden and awful message entirely unwelcome, think you? Moses was only permitted to see the promised land from the top of Pisgah; then God took him to that better land, of which the earthly Canaan was but a feeble type. It was a disappointment to that man of God that he could not cross the Jordan which lay at his feet; but a disappointment that was soon forgotten in the fulness of the glory of Heaven.

So had it been revealed to our beloved President that he would not be suffered to lead the nation into that land of peace and rest, to the borders of which he had come, it would have been a source of grief to him; he might have plead, as Hezekiah did, for greater length of days. But, think you that disappointment was long remembered, when his noble spirit, freed from its clay, returned to God? As his eye, from which the scales of sense had fallen, looked back upon the Past, and into the Future, in the unclouded light of eternity, think you he was any less assured of the safety and peace of the nation, for whom he had toiled so long and suffered so much. Or can you suppose that he missed the grateful acclamations of the people he had been the means of saving, when

he heard the well-earned plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant"? Or, after he had been exalted to be a King and a Priest to God forever, had he any occasion to regret the loss of any earthly rank or honors? No, no; our loss was his infinite gain. One cannot die too soon, to whom death to this world is but birth to that upper and better world, to whom the grave is but the portal to Heaven.

Then, remember—almost faultless as his record, for the past four years, has been, high as he stood in the estimation of the world, closely as he had endeared himself to the hearts of the people—it was yet within the bounds of possibility that he might fall. He was but man still—weak, fallible. Though proof against temptation hitherto, he might have succumbed at last. By some act of folly, even of wickedness, he might have undone all that he has done, and forfeited that respect and love which his uniform goodness and unfailing tact had secured. How sad it would have been to unlearn the lesson we have been learning these last four years, to have taken down this image which we had set up in our hearts.

At the very best, suppose him to have outlived his term of office, to have maintained his integrity to the last, to have shown himself increasingly worthy of our esteem, to have been able to have disposed, with the utmost skill, of all those vexed questions that are coming up for settlement, to have thoroughly pacified and re-united the warring sections of the country, to have been "a repairer of the breach, a restorer of paths to dwell in;" supposing all this; then after he had done all, he must retire and give his office to another. Well, would there not have been danger that his services might be forgotten? How natural it is to turn from the setting to the rising sun! Can any one imagine a sadder spectacle than Abraham Lincoln, after having deserved so well of his country, spending his old age in neglected retirement? Oh, it is easier to worship a dead than a living hero! "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Had Abraham Lincoln lived, his detractors would have lived to calumniate him, and lies too often repeated come to be believed in. How few of those who vilified him in life, but will mourn him in death. Even those who have been instrumental in that death, will join in building and garnishing his sepulchre. We cannot surely tell, how the fame of Abraham Lincoln would have stood four years from now—but dying now a glorious immortality of fame has been secured to him. Then was it not his time to die?

The very circumstances of his death, which intensify our grief, bring us also alleviation for that grief. He died the death of a martyr—he died for his country, as much as any soldier that lies upon the field of battle. He was a victim to the malice, the fiendish malignity of the spirit of Treason, which has wrought such havoc in the land. To him is applicable every word of eulogy which has been pronounced over the graves of our fallen heroes. Have we not been drying the mourners' tears, these four years, by repeating the cherished proverb, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*"—and shall we deny its truthfulness now? Has not he whom we mourn repeatedly envied the glory of the man who has "died to make us free", and shall we not admit that the name of Abraham Lincoln has gathered an additional lustre, that he has died a martyr to his love of country and of liberty?

He died suddenly—but was he not, by this means, spared all the pains of dying? He took no tearful farewell of friends—his last hours were not embittered by any fears of the future of his country. To him sudden death was only sudden glory, and

"He proved how bright were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight"

The aim of the murderous assassin was sure; his work was thorough. But by this very means, Abraham Lincoln was spared all knowledge of the crime committed upon him: he saw not the hand that smote him. His great heart was spared the pang of knowing that all his clemency, all his forbearance, all his forgiving love had been thus foully requited. Oh, my friends, for him there was many mingled with this strange judgment; there were drops of comfort in this cup of affliction.

Again, how may we regard this event as affecting the nation? Perhaps this even was needed to teach us the lesson we have been far too slow to learn; to turn from man "whose breath is in his nostrils," and put our dependence alone upon God "whose goings forth have been from old, even from everlasting." In the very greatness of our grief to-day, are we not dishonoring God? It has been well said, "no man is necessary." That God who raised him up for the emergency, can find other men to carry on His plans. "Out of the very stones of the street he can raise up (successors) to Abraham."

This crime committed upon the person of our President has served to brand treason with the greatest infamy. It is, as we have before said, but the legitimate offspring of this hideous monster. We have learned now what diabolical crimes will be engendered and encouraged among a people who lend or sell themselves to practice the foul crimes of treason. A war began and prosecuted, on the part of the South, in the spirit in which this has been, will lead inevitably to this blackest, most devilish of crimes. Recall the course of wickedness this rebellion has run. It began in theft and perjury; then followed the lynching of women, the hanging of unionists, the rifling of our honored dead, the murder of our wounded, the mining of Libby Prison, the deliberate starving of our prisoners, the attempted burning of New York: and last, and worst, the plot to assassinate the President and his Cabinet. Henceforth treason stands unmasked, in all its native hideousness. We know of what it is capable. It is now "a crime to be punished and not pardoned." We can forgive all, even now, who truly repent of and forsake it; but all others, be they Generals or privates, chief men or humble citizens, must expect the full vengeance of the law.

This crime will hasten the restoration of peace, and secure its perpetuity. We have faith enough left yet, in the masses and many of the leaders of this rebellion, to believe that this crime will open their blind eyes to the nature of that guilt in which they have participated. They will hasten, not only to disavow, this one overtopping sin, but to sever themselves, once and forever, from any part or lot in this accursed civil war. Never again

will designing, wicked men, be able to lure the people to treason—to their own destruction. Woe, woe will be pronounced upon that man who shall attempt again to set such fierce fire as has been sweeping through the land.

The foundations of our liberties have again been laid in blood—the blood of the noblest, and the best of the land. From all parts of the country has the rich treasure been drawn—and now, to cement the whole, the blood of him who was the foremost in the land—who was the head of the nation—has been demanded. He would not have withheld the costly sacrifice, and shall we begrudge it? No! the foundations thus laid shall never again be disturbed—at least, not till God's purposes concerning this people shall be fully accomplished.

Thus, my friends, have I attempted, to speak, though inadequately, of the worth of our lamented President—of the causes which have brought this great sorrow upon the land, and to point you to a few of the reasons why we should mollify our excessive grief. As we leave this house, let it be with the purpose to be grateful to God for having brought Abraham Lincoln to the kingdom for such a time as this; for having endowed him so plentifully with wisdom from on high, for his great trust; for having preserved his life so long through so many dangers; and for giving us such sure hope in his death.

God grant that we may be as faithful in our day and generation, and that, whenever, or however, we may be called home, we may enter upon as happy an immortality as has already burst upon the vision of Abraham Lincoln.

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